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From the Friendship's Offering for 1835.

MUSTAPHA THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A TALE OF ASIA MINOR.

[*Concluded.*]

The passengers were, like all the living cargoes which are yearly thrown on Arabia, composed of the produce of every nation, of the Moslem, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, believers in all the shades of creeds, which make the map of Mahometanism as motly as the patches of a Jewish gaberdine. The season was lovely, the sea smooth, the wind was fair, and with a flowing sheet the vessel glided from the bay and floated along the shores of that richest landscape of the world. Mustapha was delighted with the scene. All to him was new, and novelty was the food of his eager spirit; but the sense of beauty, of graduer, and of the overwhelming power of nature, luxuriated in the perpetual magnificence of the sky, the mountains, and the ocean, that now expanded on him for the first time. He had never before seen the sea; the Propontis was but a lake, and the Bosphorus but a river; he now saw the majesty of the waters, spreading without a limit, sending forth the sun at dawn as from some pearly palace in the depths of the ocean, and at eve, opening their bosom for his descent among pavilions of purple and rose, and closing over him with billows of molten gold. As the vessel swept eastward from the Gulf of Marci, the mountain ranges, that make the rampart of the land from the violence of the winter storms, seemed to fly away behind him, light and rich coloured as the clouds, and swift as the clouds themselves. All was wild, fantastic, and vivid. The marble range of the Gulf of Marci was followed by the promontories that girdle the great Gulf of Satalla. Mustapha, without the consciousness of a poet, felt the creative thoughts of poetry; and compared the summits of the mountains, as they sparkled with incessant radience, to crowns of living jewels dropped on them from the skies; or to the thrones of spirits that stoop from the stars to keep watch over the world. The glorious scence vanished—only to be followed by a new multitude of all the shapes of beauty, rising from the distant waters like floating pearls, and constantly spreading and ascending, until they stood above him in gigantic heights and forms, some frowning in savage granduer, some clothed with sunshine like sheets of gold, some winding away bathed in twilight like the figures of a long procession veiled in vestures of eternal purple. During the whole voyage down the coast between Rhodes and Scandaroon, Mustapha and the Scribe were constantly on deck together, enjoying the luxuries of this banquet of nature, but each according to his own feelings—Mustapha with loud and eloquent delight; the Scribe with deep and silent rapture. When the tongue of the noble Bey loftily poured out his wonder, the eyes of his young companion spoke it in the quiet tears of the soul. Yet this difference of their faculties was no hindrance to their friendship. It but gave variety to their thoughts; and Mustapha, new to the world, and newer still to himself, often turned away from all the splendors of earth and heaven, to fix his eyes on the countenance beside him, as its expression was touched by the moment, glowing with solemn enthusiasm, and alternately pale and crimson with the high devotion of a worshipper of nature.

But they were now to lose the enchanted shore; and the vessel, leaving Scandaroon, ran down the coast of Syria. No change could be more complete; all was the barren wilderness; even the sea seemed to share the melancholy monotony of the land. All around was intolerable glare: the horizon of waters had the look of a vast buckler of brass. The air was stagnant; human life soured in the universal *scorching*; and as pilgrimage was the frei't, bigotry broke *out* like a pestilence on board. Mustapha listened, first with astonishment to the bitterness of opinions, and then with laughter at the absurdity of the opinions. He saw the Persian ready to take the Turk by the beard, and the Turk ready to return the insult by the poniard, for the question, which of two men who had died a thousand years ago was the true descendant of the prophet.

"May the prophet spurn them both out of paradise," was his laughing exclamation; "for the Shiite and the Sonnite would quarrel about the number of pearls in its pavement."

Even while he was speaking, a furious battle arose in the fore-part of the ship. He was rushing towards it, but the Scribe pulled his robe, and he turned.

"They, said the youth, are two doctors of the mosque fighting."

Mustapha stopped at once. He had no possible desire to interfere between two such slippery personages as doctors of the mosque, and he returned his half-drawn scimetar into its sheath. But he had not far to follow the combatants, for one of them, a huge Arab of Medina came running to the stern, dragging the other along by the neck to throw him overboard.—Mustapha's humanity instinctively made him grasp the defeated party, as he was on the point of being flung to the fishes. While with one hand he held up the unlucky combatant, and with the other kept his vanquisher at bay, he asked, "what could have been the cause of this mortal hatred?"

"Ask the villain whom you have barely kept from my murder," exclaimed the defeated Mollah.

"Does the miscreant dare to repeat his impious words," roared the man of Medina; "I call every true Moslem to witness, as I call heaven and earth to avenge the crime, that he dared to doubt that the sacred camel which carried the prophet in the Hegira was *white!*"—He could utter no more; he stood choking with fury.

"Dared to doubt it!" exclaimed his rescued antagonist; "I never doubted for an instant on the subject. I said, and say, that the sacred camel was *black!* And, if that misbelieving slave's dagger were at my throat, I should say it still."

The saying was unlucky, for in the effort to second his demonstration by a blow of a knife, hid in his sleeve, his foot slipped, and he fell under the very heels of his enemy. The Arab instantly rushed upon him, and before an arm could be raised for his protection, had hung him over the ship's side. Even Mustapha now shrank from advancing, for the Arab swore by the holy stone of Mecca, that, at his first step, he should see the heretic tossed into the sea.

"But, to show that I understand justice," he exclaimed; "I shall give the wretch one chance more: Achmet Ben Saddal, son of an evil mother, do you acknowledge that the camel was white?"

"Black," was the outcry in answer; ay, black as midnight!"

"Then, down to Satanai!" shouted the Arab, attempting to fling him into the waves. But the Mollah would not be shaken off; he clung to him with the nerve of death; and the struggle was fierce, until the Arab uttered a scream of agony and both plunged out of sight together. On their rising to the surface, the Mollah was seen dead, strangled by the grasp of his powerful disputant. The Arab was dying; his broad chest displayed a mortal wound, which the Mollah had contrived to give him, at the close of the struggle, as a specimen of his skill in the art of controversy. A boat was ordered to be let down to recover their remains; but the sailorship of the Mediterranean is tardy, and in the mean time the disuptants were taken possession of by more interested activity. A couple of sharks had continued eyeing the struggle at the ship's side, in fair expectation of the consequences. They now pounced on both the doctors, swept them through the surges, whose foam they soon turned red, and left the merits of the black and white camel to be settled by posterity.

"Well," said Mustapha, gravely, as the wrecks of those unfortunates disappeared, "I hope the rest of our disputants will be taught by their example?"

"When," said the scribe, "were fools ever taught by example?"

He was in the right. The controversy spread through the ship, until the pilgrims would neither eat nor drink with each other.—Fortunate for them if they had been deaf; still more fortunate for them if they had been dumb. Every man had a different opinion, and every man disputed its honor as if it were necessary to his existence. The colour of the camel branched into a hundred controversies, and each made at least a pair of orators ready to strangle each other.

Mustapha, irritated and impatient, at last proposed to the scribe that they both should go among them; and, explaining the absurdity of their quarreling on points for which no human being could be the better or the worse, recommend them to pass, at least, the remainder of the voyage in peace.

"Are we strong enough," said the Scribe, simply, "to throw one half of them overboard every day, until but you and I are left?"

"No," replied the Bey; "but they must be tired of fighting by this time."

"Nonsense is indefatigable," observed his companion.

"But," said the Bey, "I shall rebut their nonsense, satisfy their reason, and compel the fools to see that nothing but mutual concession can ever produce either general comfort or generel safety."

"Try," briefly said the Scribe.

Next morning, when the war of words was at its height, the deck was covered with knots of enthusiasts, all descanting on their own wisdom and the folly of the whole human race besides—Mustapha came forward with his proposition for laying aside all quarrels on creeds during the voyage. His figure, lofty and commanding, his fine countenance, and even his embroidered robes, and jeweled weapons, had a powerful effect on the bystanders; the pilgrims paused in their disputes, and all forming a circle round the glittering preacher of peace, declared their readiness to adopt any plan which he thought fit to offer. Mustapha, elated at the prospect of success, spoke long and eloquently; the man of genius broke out thro' the habits of the Osmanli, and all his audience were enraptured. Shouts of approval soon began to follow every sentence: he spoke of the original fraternity of mankind, and was applauded, of the dignity of truth, the supremacy of conscience, and the purity of reason—and was applauded still more: he then powerfully described them as combined in the act of exhibiting to others the same freedom which we claim ourselves; and in remembering, among all the differences of opinion, that the man who possesses a spirit of good will for his fellow men, holds the master key of all virtues.

An uproar of admuration followed the speech; and the whole cried out that neither Stamboul nor Smyrna could produce his equal.

He next proposed that every man should come forward, and pledge himself to general harmony. A tall Turk instantly advanced,—"Illustrious Sonnine," he began his declaration.

"Illustrious Sonnite!" exclaimed a dwarfish, but richly clothed Persian; "why, son of a blind father and a deaf mother, who told you that he was a Sonnite? All the genius and virtue of mankind are with the children of Ali."

A blow with the slipper of a disciple of Omar told the Persian that his opinion might not be universal.

Mustapha saw his project broken up at once, and came forward to restore peace. But the tide had turned; and he himself was assailed by inquiries into his faith.

"Do you believe in the holy waters of the Zemzem?" cried one.

"If you do not worship the foot of Fo," cried another, "we only insult our ears in listening to you."

"Do you twist three hairs of the holy cow's tail of the Hedjaz, round your turban?" screamed another.

"Do you believe in Boodh?" was the outcry of a fourth. The clamour grew horrible.

"By the print of Adam's slipper!" yelled a gigantic Ceylonese, "the fellow is nothing better than a spy; and he deserves to be impaled on the spot."

"By the krees of my fathers, he is a heretic," howled a ferocious Malay; "I would rather drink his blood than a bowl of arrack!"

All now became clamour and confusion:—daggers, knives, scimetars, ataghans, flashed round the throat of the unlucky Mustapha.—But he was bold, was master of his weapon, and the sight of the naked poniard in one hand, and his scimetar wheeling round his head in the other, partially repelled the furious crowd.

"Hear me, madmen," he exclaimed. "Can I believe all your creeds together?"

"You believe none!" was the roar: and they pressed closer on him.

"I believe all that reason tells me to believe," was his daring reply; "but this too I believe, that all opinions have something in them *right*."—The sentiment mas partially applauded.—"And also," added he, "something in them *wrong*."

This was oil on flame; the whole crowd burst into rage; they rushed upon him in a body; he struggled desperately, but a blow from behind struck the scimetar from his hand. He glanced round, and saw the Malay at his back, with his krees uplifted to strike a mortal blow. In the next instant he saw the countenance of the savage convulsed, heard him shriek, and felt him falling at his feet. In the place of the Malay stood the young Scribe, with the dagger in his hand, which he had snatched from the ruffian in the moment of fate; and dyed in his heart's blood. Mustapha cast a look of thanks at his preserver; and side by side they retreated to the poop, where the pilgrims dared not approach them. But the firearms in the cabin were soon in the hands of the assailants, and certain death seemed to await him and his young companion. In this emergency, Mustapha prepared to die; but the Scribe, repeating the famous lines of Amrou, at the battle of Ternara—

> "The eagle takes an eagle's flight,
> The hero must not die in night"

Sprang on deck before him, and making a sign of parley, proposed at once that they should leave the ship to the pilgrims, and be set on the first shore they saw. Mustapha's blood boiled at the idea of compromise. But his preserver was already in the midst of the infuriated crowd, and he felt that hesitation might cost that preserver his life. He complied with bitterness of soul. The boat was hoisted out, and the two exiles were rowed in the direction of the coast. They soon saw the hills above Beyrout, and trod the famous soil of Palestine.

"And this comes of preaching peace to pilgrims," said Mustapha, indignantly, as he looked on the parched and ruined face of the country round him. "This is my last experiment:—may the Arabs pluck out their beards! But we run the greatest possible chance of being starved."

"My lord, may you be happy," said the Scribe, "but if we had remained on board, we should only have added to the possibility of being starved the probability of being drowned, or something not very far from the certainty of being shot."

"But to be thrown into this place of desolation for the mere attempt to prevent a parcel of hot-headed bigots from cutting each other's heads off!" angrily murmured the Bey.

"The man who attempts to drive back the ocean when it rises before the gale will find that his labor is wasted, even if he escape being sent to the bottom. He should take it in the calm."

"But that such follies and furies should have their origin in religion," retorted the Bey.

"Look on that Heaven," said the young Scribe.

And well they might look on that Heaven with delight and wonder. Ten thousand stars blazed above their heads, with a pure intensity of light, and essential glory, to which Mustapha had never seen the equal even in the serene skies of Asia Minor. The sky was showered with stars, a shower of diamonds. A few faint clouds, slightly tinged with the last hues of evening, lingered on the western horizon, like the last incense from some mighty altar. The air was still, and breathing the odour of the sheets of wild jessamines and myrtle which clothed the sides of the mountains; all was richness, solemn splendour, and sacred repose. The vivid eye of the Bey, made to rejoice in all that filled the imagination, roved over the boundless field of the stars of heaven with a delight which kept him silent.

"From that sky," said the youth, "which looks one vast palace of holy tranquility, from this fragrant air, which breathes like an offering of all the treasures of nature to the Sovereign of Nature, descend the thunder and the tempest—the bolt that strikes the mountain pinnacles into dust, and the hurricane that swells the sea into destruction. And shall we wonder that religion, bright, holy, and boundless as those skies, should have power from time to time, to fill the earth with terror, to dazzle the weak, to overwhelm the bewildered, to give an irresistable impulse to all that is bold, imaginative, untameable and soaring in the heart of man?"

"But what has the dagger or the pistol to do with this impulse? yet those sticklers for their contradictory follies would have flung me to the sharks which carried off the doctors of the black and white camels."

The young scribe smiled, and simply said, "My lord, while nine-tenths of mankind are fools, why where we to expect that our pilgrim ship contained none but sages. While all mankind are creatures of the passions, why were we to suppose that a crew of enthusiasts alone were incapable of being frenzied by scorn. But let us not lay the blame on religion. To produce great effects, we must find great powers.—Where universal man is to be stirred, the evil will be stirred with the good. But if the Nile, when it pours down its flood of fertility on the burning soil of the Delta, brings weeds into life with the harvest, is the fault in the Nile? Or when the mighty orb that has but just finished his course of glory in yonder waves, rises to circle the world with light and life, are we to extinguish his beams, through fear of the insects which he quickens in the marsh and the wilderness."

The young speaker of these words had been roused by the subject into unusual fervour.—His pale countenance had suddenly lighted up, and as he gazed on the firmament unconscious of all things but the glory which had awoke his feelings, the Bey found it impossible to withdraw his eyes from its animated beauty. The features flushed with new intelligence. The glance, always powerful, seemed to catch new brilliancy from the splendours above. Even the voice seemed to be changed. Always sweet it was lofty and solemn, yet it touched the spirit of the hearer more than in its softest moments. It was once music to his ear; it was now conviction to his soul. The haughty warrior, the proud philosopher, the conscious superior of every mind that he had till now encountered, all gave way; and, flinging himself on the neck of his friend, Mustapha pledged himself by every light blazing in that sky of serenity never to part from his young sage, his counsellor, the tamer of his follies, and the guide of his existence.

The Scribe suddenly disengaged himself from this impetuous instance of friendship, and with one struggling hand still held the grasp of Mustapha, and the other pressed closely to his forehead, turned away in silence.

"Hear me now," said the impatient Bey "once for all; I abandon all eagerness to interfere in other men's concerns. This voyage, this hour have given me wisdom worth a life. And if ever Mustapha Ben Mustapha troubles his brain about making fools wiser than nature intended them to be; about giving experience to slaves incapable of thought; or teaching toleration to traders in bigotry; may he go the way of the doctors; or worse, may he be parted from his first and last of friends, even from his young philosopher."

The young philosopher answered this burst of sentiment only with one of his quiet smiles, and drawing his turban still deeper on his brows and wrapping his mantle closer round him, remarked that the night was at hand, and that some village should be sought for, where they might find shelter and entertainment.

Mustapha in the ardour of the moment, would have dispised the aid of man, and remained gazing on the stars and listening to the wisdom of his companion. But a gust from the sea, followed by the rising roar of thunder among the hills, awoke him to the realities of the wilderness; and anxious for the safety of so fragile a frame as that of his fellow traveler, he followed the sounds of the baying of dogs, and an occasional blast of a horn which sounded on the night air, until he found himself suddenly called on to stop. He was in the front of a troop of Arab horsemen.

"Fly, or surrender at once," whispered the Scribe. "The panther is lord in the desert."

"The lion never flies," was the bold exclamation of the Bey, as he drew his scimetar.

The Arabs seeing the flash, returned it by a general fire of their muskets, and rushing on in the smoke, to their astonishment, they found that instead of a troop of some hostile tribe, they had but a single enemy, the handsomest of Moslem, who still defied them. They burst out into laughter at his presumption, and at the same moment a dozen fellows leaped from their horses and threw themselves upon him. He struggled desperately, but a feeble voice reached his ear, which totally unmanned him. By the gleam of a torch he saw his friend in the hands of the of the Arabs, who were carrying him away, and to his still deeper terror, he saw a long line of blood, trickling from beneath his turban. He felt himself instantly powerless, and flinging away his weapon, yielded at once. The captives were carried in triumph to the camp; where Mustapha's jewels were infinitely admired, and plundered to the last stone. But his true sorrow was for the sufferings of his wounded friend the Bey was inconsolable for the misfortune, which he attributed entirely to his own rashness.

"Well was it said by Hafiz," he exclaimed in bitterness, "that he who takes the wolf by the throat, should first see that his tusks are plucked out.

The young Scribe pointed with his slight finger upward, and said with a faint smile. "The skies are as bright above this tent, as they were on the sea-shore. The sun will rise to-morrow as he rose yesterday. We are in hands stronger than the hands of the Arab. The first refuge of the fearful, but the last refuge of the brave, is despair."

The tribe moved to another pasturage, and they carried their prisoners along with them.—To Mustapha, the Karamanian lord, this life of hardship would once have been intolerable.—Where were his slaves, his banquets, his minstrels, his baths, his perfumes? He saw around him nothing but the horse-hair curtains of his tent, and beyond them the sands of the wilderness. His food was herbs; his perfumes were the wild breath of the desert shrubs, his companions were the Bedoween. Yet, what is man but the child of circumstance! He had abjured all his luxuries, for he had found them insufficient to fill up the aching of his mind. He now had health, exercise, and an object. The bravery of his defence had extorted the applause of the Arabs; his noble figure, commanding countenance, and matchless dexterity in arms, had soon equally forced their admiration. They gave him a new name in their expeditions; he was the "Leopard," and their sheik finally crowned the homage of the tribe by the offer of his only child, the gazelle-eyed Ayesha; with a thousand sheep and a hundred camels as a dowry. The prospect was enough to turn the brain of any young hero of the desert. The husband of the fair Ayesha must succeed to the headship of the tribe,—two thousand horsemen of the Beni Kohlani, masters of the finest pastures, renowned for the fleetest horses, and still more renowned for having baffled the pashas of Syria, in every encounter for the last hundred years. The Bey went to the tent of his young counsellor, who was now rapidly recovering from the effects of the Arab musquet. He communicated the generous proposal.

"It offers all that a warrior can desire," was the reply.

"But I have forsworn the warrior," was the answer.

"It offers much that the man of ambition might covet," said the Scribe.

"But I have abandoned all that bears the name of ambition," said the Bey.

"But it offers something to the eye," said the Scribe; "for the daughter of the sheik is among the handsomest of the Bedoween. But the true question is, what it offers to the heart?"

The speaker pronounced the words in a low tone, and remained evidently waiting an answer.

"I have tenfold forsworn that folly, said Mustapha, impatiently; "the heart is not concerned in the marriages of the Moslem." There was silence for a time. At length the Bey added—"but, my friend, the judge who is to decide on my case should know all. I never saw the face of women, that I thought of a second moment,—but one."

"The name of that one?' asked the Scribe, with a tone which seemed to borrow some of its impatience from the Bey.

"I know not," was the answer.

The listener had taken a cup of sherbert from the attendant, and was tasting it with his parched lips, when the inquiries of Mustapha arrested his hand.

"Is she yet among the living!" asked he.

[*See fourth Page.*]

The Next Presidency.—The editor of the Nashville Republican, in his zeal to serve Judge White, having ventured to intimate that the President would prefer him as a successor to any other individual, and the same coming to the knowledge of the President, he promptly addressed the following letter to one of his old friends and neighbors in Tennessee. The letter speaks for itself, and shows that at all times, and under all circumstances, the President is anxious to secure to the people that power of choosing their servants (without officious interference from any source,) which is justly their due. The federalists are endeavoring, by misrepresentation, to turn this letter to their political advantage—but they gnaw a file:—*Boston States.*

"*Washington*, Feb. 23, 1835.

My Rev. Sir—I observe in the Nashville Republican of the 10th inst. an article headed 'General Jackson's Preferences,' which I think it my duty to notice.

All my friends know, that since I have been in the Executive Chair, I have carefully abstained from an interference with the elective franchise, and have invariably acted upon the principle, that to the People belonged the exercise of this sacred right—uninfluenced by any considerations but those which related to the public good. And yet the editor of this paper, professing to entertain great respect for my character, undertakes to connect me personally with an attempt to divide the great body of Republicans in the choice they are to make of a President; and by way of giving effect to his insinuation, appeals, in the language of my bitterest enemies, *here* and *elsewhere* to the independence of the people as a shield against 'my dictation,' which he supposes may be attempted.

Every one must see that the professions of the editor in that article are made to take the form of friendship, in order that he may more successfully carry out his purpose of opposing the great Republican principles which I have endeavored to advance as President of the U. States; and one which, not to say the most important, is the necessity of looking above persons in any exigency which threatens the ascendency of those principles. All my friends must perceive, that to be consistent, my preference, as far as men are concerned, ought to be for him that is most likely to be the choice of the great body of Republicans; and yet, if this individual should not be Judge White, the editor of the Republican is ready to cry out '*dictation*.'

Under such circumstances, seeing also that there are various misrepresentations of my views on this subject, I commit this letter to your discretion, in order that you may do me justice.

You are at liberty to say, on all occasions, that, regarding the People as the true source of political power, I am always ready to bow to their will and to their judgment; that, discarding all personal preferences, I consider [it] the true policy of the friends of Republican principles, to send delegates fresh from the People, to a General Convention, for the purpose of selecting candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency; and that to impeach that selection before it is made, or to resist it when it is fairly made, as an emanation of Executive power, is to assail the virtue of the People, and, in effect, to oppose their right to govern.

I send the paper containing the article I refer to, and request you to show this letter to the editor, in order that he may no longer misrepresent me. Acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

I am, in haste, your friend,
ANDREW JACKSON.
The Rev. James Gwin, Nashville, Tenn."

From the Eastern Argus.

MORE PANIC.

Can any man doubt that another *Panic* is in embryo? The train is already laid—the unprecedented *extension* of loans, at the rate of 3,000,000 *per month*, must be followed by a *contraction*, far surpassing in the rapidity and severity of its operation any of its predecessors since the Bank's existence. At the very goal of its race—just as the curtain is about to fall—and the flickering flame to expire, it flashes up with a new light and the Bank exhibits *more vigour*, in the pangs of its dissolution, than in the unimpaired strength of its manhood. The curtailment when it comes, it is believed, will find the people prepared for its reception. They have but just emerged from one of the most cold-blooded—infernal schemes, ever intended to repress freedom of opinion and by reducing men from competence to poverty, to drive them to the support of the Bank's candidates for public offices. This scheme is to be revived. The screws are to be turned again. The federal candidates are to strive once more for power, through the calamities and sufferings of their fellow citizens. Oppression under every form, *as in has been* will again take its place, as a legitimate means of success among the plans of the Federal party. The Bank will have its candidate for the Presidency—those who will not *bend* to its support, must *break*. They will seek in time to come, as in times past— to conceal the *hand* that *deals the blow*.

The official subordinates of Mr. Biddle have not been passing the winter at Washington to no purpose. The cashier and assistant cashier of the mother Bank can ably discharge the double office of *money changers* and *politicians*. They convey the behests of King Nicholas to his loyal subjects on the floor of Congress, and superintend the machinery by which the People are to be made slaves.

Under the penalties of *ruin* to the little property they have garnered up as the fruits of honest industry and toil, the People are to be required to violate their conscience and principles, and to support the measures and men they *abhor, politically*. The party lines stand clearly defined. Although the Bank has been *disowned for political effect*, and the Bank question kept cautiously out of sight until the scheme was matured, and the train laid, the mist is now clearing away, and the whole scheme is becoming unveiled. The People will see again the Federal party and the U. S. Bank fighting shoulder to shoulder, for the election of the Bank and Federal candidates, and for a renewal of the grinding monopoly. This political Briareus will be in the field again. The Marble Palace will be the head Bureau of this Bank of corruption, and every branch will open a new account of political venality and *huckstering!* Men will be *appraised* like cattle in the market,' and if they are not *bought*, it will be because their virtue scorns the degradation, but not for a lack of a liberal purchaser with money in hand!! When bribes shall be rejected, the *screws* will be turned. The wretched sufferer will find poverty staring him in the face, and the only avenue of escape, they will point out, will be, to rush into the extended arms of the monied monster!

Can any man doubt that the Bank is preparing for another contest? If not, why *extend* its business at the rate of *three millions* per month, and within a year of the close of its existence?

The following from the Boston Morning Post is worthy of attention—

Another Panic in Embryo. The following paragraph appeared in the Mercantile Journal a short time since:—

"PUBLIC MEETINGS *should be held in every city in the Union, denouncing the course pursued by the popular branch of the National Legislature.*"

"Public Meetings," and "denunciations," were the main springs of the machinery by which the money "panic" of 1833-4 was bro't into action, and if the above paragraph is an index of the course of conduct prescribed by the leading Whigs, a second effort for a demonstration in favor of the King of the Marble Palace, is about to be made. The ridiculous situation in which the getters up of the panic meetings found themselves at the end of the campaign, seems to be forgotten; or else there are few other ambitious sprigs of the aristocracy, who are anxious to be generally if not favorably, known.

The Richmond Enquirer, a print which has always been true to Democracy and the People, in treating of this subject, says—

Another storm is now lowering over the heads of the innocent—o'er those who labour in all the fields of honest industry, and tread the paths of virtue and honor—aye, and o'er the heads of the poor and the helpless—the widow and the orphans!

The Bank has again rapidly commenced puffing up a tempest, which, in a few months, must beat upon us in all the violence of the wreck of matter and the crush of *little* worlds—Chafed and fretted by the expiring spasms and agonizing groans of death—a death, too, that will cut off the heavy supplies and "fair business facilities" of so many Congressmen, Attorneys, Printers, and Merchants—How much greater will be the approaching *Panic* than the late one, no human being can foretell.

On the 1st of Nov. 1834, the loans were	\$45.754,201
On the 1st of March, 1835,	57,814,404
Increase in four months	12,060,203
Circulation of U. S. Bank notes on the 1st of Nov. 1834,	\$15,968,731
1st of March, 1835,	19,519,777
Increase of notes,	\$3,551,046
Specie on hand, 1st Oct. 1834,	\$15.561,374
1st March, 18 5	16,567,893
Increase of specie in 5 months,	\$1,006,519

Death falls on the Bank next year; and next year will be the long session of Congress. If Judge White ever intimated that the President ought to have yielded to the voice of the People under the *late* PANIC, or that *something ought to be done*, we have reason for our panic-making members of Congress, and Bank men, supporting him so warmly. Give us light! Light is what is wanting!

The People ought to be aware that this Bank is not dead—but living, and increasing its power to do mischief. Another *panic must come*—and come it will during the next session of Congress.

WEBSTER AND WHITE

"The political principles of Judge White are precisely those of Daniel Webster, and hence it is not unreasonable to hope that the two champions of the Constitution and their friends may ultimately be enabled to unite their forces."—*Boston Commercial Gazette.*

The above is an important avowal, and as those two individuals have never, till the 14th of February last, acted together on any important political question, we would respectfully ask which of the two has met with such a sudden and miraculous change? Their political principles *were* very different on the Constitutionality of *Internal Improvements* and the *Indian question*; on the *Tariff*; on the *U. S. Bank*, on the great constitutional question of the *removal of the deposites*, and on the *protest*. In fact on what question were they alike, till they were both named as candidates for the Presidency? If they are *precisely* alike now, which has changed? If neither, which of the two for six years past has been so entirely regardless of his oath and reckless of principle as to always vote opposite to the other when they thought alike? If either has changed, what new light has so recently burst upon him? Will Judge White's friends admit that he abandoned all these political principles he has so rightly supported during Gen. Jackson's administration up to the time of his nomination for President? Or will they admit that he has acted contrary to his own principles?

Will Mr. Webster's friends admit that he has been in an error for the last six years?—Or that his opposition to all the prominent measures of the administration and the principles Judge White has sustained, has been entirely factitious and against his own principles? Till they were candidates for the Presidency their political principles were the exact *antipodes* of each other, and if they are now "precisely alike," we wish to know which has changed? If Judge White has adopted the "God like's" principles, it should be known; and let him have the benefit of it, at the north as well as south, in Massachusetts as well as in Virginia and Tennessee. If Mr. Webster has adopted the principles of the administration which Judge White always sustained till the 14 ult. let us know it, for the same reasons—These men are placed before the people for the Presidency, and all are called upon to unite upon one or the other of them, who are opposed to the democratic republican candidate who shall be nominated by the delegates of the party in Convention. Their political principles are declared to be "precisely alike" and we wish to know what those principles are whether they are such as Judge White has sustained under the present administration, and Mr. Webster opposed, or such as Mr. Webster advocated and Judge White opposed? The people will be likely to ascertain, before they give either their sufferages, in preference to a man whose political principles are known, and known to be firm and consistent.

[*N. H. Patriot.*

AMOS KENDALL.—The opposition press is groaning in advance, at the bare idea of the appointment of Mr. Kendall to the Post Office Department. If the anticipation is so afflicting what will be the affect of the *event?* That such an event may happen, is not improbable, if there be any truth in the mournful predictions of our advesaries. It may be that Major Barry's health, aggravated by the persecutions of vindictive enemies, may render it agreeable to devote his acknowledged talents to the service of the country in a sphere less laborious and equally respectable. It may be, that he may consent, at his own good time and convenience to go on a mission to Spain. It is known that he enjoys the undiminished confidence and friendship of the President, and that he will not be removed or transferred but by his own choice. If he should retire, what is there in the duties of the Post Office Department, to which the habits and the talents of Amos Kendall are not suited and adequate? Does it require untiring industry—he is known to possess it—does it require to rectify any malarrangement or reform abuses which may have sprung from defective organization of the Department, who has quicker penetration to discover, or greater firmness to apply the correctives? What more does the opposition require? They would fain paralyse his exertion by denunciations before hand, and then complain of want of success to which they themselves had contributed.—But their efforts will be vain. His success in the post of 4th Auditor in overcoming the prejudices that had been excited against him, is but augury of like success in the Post Office Department, should he be appointed to its administration. Amongst the officers of the Navy, there is now an universal admission of his capacity, his promptness and inflexible impartiality. We challenge the opposition to mark our predictions and to note the result.—[Baltimore Republican.

Mr. Kendall.—The Albany Argus, in alluding to the rumor that Mr. Kendall is to be appointed Post Master General, makes the following remarks:—

"We have no knowledge of the alleged intended change in the P. O. Department; but we may say with entire truth, that if Major Barry should at any time retire from it, we know of no man to whom its duties and responsibilities may be committed with greater propriety, and with a higher regard to the public interests, than to Mr. Kendall. He possesses certainly in an eminent degree every requisite qualification for the trust. Indeed, upon this subject, if we had not the strongest affirmative evidence, the relentless spirit in which he has been pursued by the harpies of faction and by the creatures of the Bank, would afford of itself sufficient proof of the purity of his character and the force of his talents."

The Coffin Handbill says the federalists of this State "may never look for triumph over their opponents, until they can make up their minds to *deserve* it." That will *never* be, until they change their principles and learn to tell the truth. They never need expect countenance from the people, until they learn to respect their *virtue* and their *intelligence*. During the late canvass the federal leaders never addressed one single argument to the *understanding* of the people, but treating them as an ignorant and illiterate rabble, incapable of appreciating any *reasons* excepting such as were addressed to their *passions* and their *cupidity*, they were plied with an incessant din about "office holders," "taxes," and the "squandering of the people's money;" as if the people did not expect the men they had themselves placed in office would support the republican cause—or that they did not know that the noise raised about "taxes" and "fifty thousand dollars squandered at the State Prison" was all a humbug. No, no, gentlemen; you must learn to *deserve* success before you expet it.—[N. H. Patriot.

OXFORD DMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 14, 1835.

Van Buren appears to be the great bug-bear of whiggery. He haunts all their day dreams of power, and his image comes upon them in the visions of the night.—Does any one ask for the true secret of this dread? It is his popularity. They fear that he is *the* candidate of the people, and unless prejudice can be excited, or local partialities aroused, he will receive their support. To produce one or the other of these effects is now the great object of the opposition. They are ready to support all the measures and principles of the present administration, in the person of his successor if that successor is not Van Buren. They have recently attempted to employ the popularity of Gen. Jackson in aid of Judge White whom they are attempting to hold out as a rival to the nominated candidate of the democratic convention.—For this purpose editors professing friendship to Gen. Jackson, and to support his administration, have openly declared that his preference was for Judge White—and that he was at heart opposed to Van Buren. While they were chuckling over this invention Gen. Jackson comes out in a letter, which we publish in this day's paper, and denies his preference for any individual in opposition to the will and wishes of the people. To them he leaves the right of selection—in their decision he thinks it the duty of all democrats to acquiesce. These are the doctrines to which all Republicans profess to adhere, and yet Gen. Jackson is denounced for expressing them.—He is represented as interfering in the election, because he recommends the choice to be left to the people. The friends of Judge White thought the Presidents preference a very commendable one, and were of opinion that it ought to have very great weight with the people, so long as they were permitted to represent it as given to their candidate; but no sooner does he forbid the use of his name in this way, and declare himself in favor of the man whom the people shall select, than they are filled with indignation, and cry out against the President for interfering with the election. The opposition proper and the White men all agree that a preference for the choice of the people means support of Van Buren. This is a precious confession for such deep politicians. It is a direct admission that he is the favorite of the people. Now if Judge White had been disposed to take his chance with the rest and had been nominated by a democratic convention assembled by the various States in the Union, he would then be entitled to the support of the Democratic party whether the President was friendly or opposed to him. If the President were weak enough to set his wishes in opposition to the will of the people, he would find that this was one of those things which even his popularty could not stand. If Judge White is to be held up as the rival candidate of the individual nominated by the Democratic Convention, he can never be elected or supported by the Democracy of the country.—There is yet virtue enough left among the people to have some regard to principle—and we trust there is magnanimity enough to make some sacrifice of personal feeling to local principles to the will of the majority and the union of the party

One of our contemporaries distinguished for its pretensions to decency and respectability, says that it is "rascally and knavish" to pretend that the U. S. Bank contracted its loans last winter for the purpose of distressing the people. And now when they have again extended their discounts 12 millions since last Nov., we suppose that it is all meant for the benefit of the people. We had thought that the struggles of this "monster" were nearly over, and that it would be content to die in peace since the decision of the people was so emphatically against it. Last year it contracted its loans because its charter was soon to expire, and Congress had refused to renew it, so that it became necessary to wind up its business. Some new light appears to have dawned upon it, or some new hopes to have been inspired, judging from its rapid and almost unprecedented increase of loans. The sticklers for decency and respectability would call it "rascally and knavish" to suppose that this sudden expansion has any reference to the approaching Presidential election. Time however will shew.

We have as yet received no late news from France. We are aware of the anxiety which must be felt by our readers on this subject and should we receive any thing new before our paper goes to press, we will endeavor to make room for it.

Portland Magazine. We continue to receive this work regularly and promptly. It is maintaining and even elevating the high character which it has heretofore acquired. It deserves a better support from the ladies in this County than we have reason to believe it receives.

We have been favored with some symptoms of spring. A few sunny days have filled our streets with mud and water, and the snow is fast disappearing under the milder influences that now prevail. The winter has been a long and severe one which makes the return of spring doubly grateful.

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT.

We learn from the last Argus that the Democracy of Connecticut have obtained a most glorious triumph, and that the State now stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled from the bondage of Federalism. It is stated that the democrats have elected their candidate for Governor, a majority in both branches of the Legislature and the entire ticket of the members of Congress.

Foreign Spurious Coin. Last week, one of the New York police officers, discovered a colored boy, who had a number of Haytien dollars, apparently fresh from the mint. After some questioning, the boy said that he received them from two Haytien gentlemen, who were getting a large quantity of them coined, and that they were being made by a certain person, whose name he mentioned. The officer instantly proceeded to the man's house, who acknowledged that he had been employed to make a quantity of foreign coin, not being aware that in so doing he had acted illegally.—The persons who employed him to make it, had concealed their names and residence from him, and he could give but a very slight clue to discover them. The officer, however, went in search of them, and learned that some of the party were in the habit of stopping at a tobacconist's store. He accordingly went there, and by the exercise of a good deal of ingenuity, ascertained that one of the parties spent a part of his time at the house of a man named Benjamin. Thither officer proceeded, found Benjamin at home, and threatened to search his house. He then acknowledged that one of the parties, named Francois Callice, a Haytien was in it. The officer found Callice, and on searching his trunks discovered 800 dollar pieces, 700 half dollar pieces, and 1400 quarter dollars, of spurious Haytien money, composed of half copper and half silver. Callice on being examined, acknowledged that in conjunction with others he had got the money coined, and also that the dies, presses, and other materials for coining it, were on board the brig Carolina, bound for St. Thomas. The officer immediately went on board her, and found them there. Callice was then committed.

[Bos. Trans.]

How to make both ends meet. A lad wishing to turn sailor, lately applied to a captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said, "If you want to become a good sailor, you must make three ends to that rope."

"I can do it," readily replied the boy; "here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third"—and he threw it overboard.

Why is it that Whigs alone, abuse Martin Van Buren? In private conversation, in stump orations, and I a have understood even in the *Hall of Legislators*, they never spare him.—He is certainly one of the most gifted sons of New York. By his abilities and integrity he has been placed in the highest office in his native State, and thought worthy by the American People to fill the second office in this Government. The Whigs once endeavored to *degrade* him; but "Senatorial degradation was a passport to high office." If they continue to abuse him, I will venture to predict, they will make him the President.—[*Correspondent of the Richmond Enq.*

SUMMER SESSIONS.

The Kennebec Journal advocates the plan of the session of the Legislature in the summer—in the months of August, September, and October. We have seen the same suggestion in other papers in different sections of our State. It has long been a topic of discussion, and almost every year calls forth new observations, as our experience enlarges. The Journal remarks:—

"The sessions would unquestionably be much shorter if they were in the summer—say August and September, or September and October. As it is now, the session commences when the days are very short and the weather cold; it is more comfortable before a blazing fire than any where else. The long evenings are rarely devoted to legislative business, until towards the close of the session. The session would not be so long by three or four weeks, and expenses of every kind would be less for the some length of time. Then on the other hand there might be more difficulty in keeping a quorum in their seats when the weather was pleasant. The State would save nearly or quite \$10,000 a year by the change."

We think the observations of the Journal well worth consideration.—*Argus.*

The Federal Gazette alludes to one of Mr. Webster's "powerful" speeches, in terms of high praise. In the course of it, Mr. W. quoting the great Roman Orator, says, "*Let every man's opinion be written on his forehead.*"—The Senate would exhibit a singular spectacle were the "Godlike's" wish to be fulfilled to the letter. 'U. S. Bank \$10,000,' 'U. S. Bank \$33,000,' 'U. S. Bank \$11,000,' would flame out upon the foreheads of some of the Bank advocates, like the 'Rum, Gin and Brandy,' on the casks at Deacon Giles' distillery, in luminous characters, written by infernal hands. If *all his opinions* on the *same subject* should strive to show themselves, the frontal region of the 'Godlike's' cranium must present an entablature as vast as the Bank's mammoth Courier and Enquirer. We should see 'Tariff,' 'Anti-Tariff,' 'Bank,' 'Anti-Bank,' 'War,' 'Anti-War,' &c. &c., a sight wonderfully edifying to those who would know from such a forehead what his sentiments really were.—[Argus.

We learn from a gentleman from Candia, that there are twenty-four cases of the Small Pox in the easterly part of that town and Raymond. But one death has occurred—another person is considered to be dangerously sick—the others are doing well. The whole are under the care of Dr. Bell, of Derry.

N. H. Statesman.

APRIL.

According to the *Encyclopædia Americana*, this month derived its name "either from *aperire*, to open, because, at this time the earth seems to be opening and preparing to enrich us with its gifts, or, according to Varro, from *Aphrodite*, because April, is consecrated especially to this goddess. Something similar to *April fool's day*, about the origin of which there are different opinions, is said to exist in the East Indies, at the time of the Huli feast.—This strange custom of April fool's day prevail's throughout Europe, and in those parts of America which are inhabited by the descendents of Europeans. One of the Explanations of the custom is as follows: In the middle ages, scenes from biblical history were often represented by way of diversion, without any feeling of impropriety. The scene in the life of Jesus, where he is sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again from Herod to Pilate, was represented in April,

and may have given occasion to the custom of sending on fruitless errands, and other tricks practised at this season. The phrase of "sending a man from Pilate to Herod" is common in Germany, to signify sending about unnecessarily. The reason of choosing the first of April for the exhibition of this scene was, that the fast of Easter frequently falls in this month, and the events connected with this period of the life of Jesus, would naturally afford subjects for the spectacles of the season. The tricks of the first of April may, however be the remains of some Roman custom derived from the East, and spread over Europe, like so many other customs, by these conquerors. In France, the unlucky party who may be fooled is called *un poisson or poison* (mischief) *d'Avril*. In the north of Scotland, he is called a *gowk* which signifies in the Scottish dialect, a *Cuckoo*.— One of the best tricks of this description is that of Rabelais, who, being at Marseilles, without money, and desirous of going to Paris, filled some vials with brick dust or ashes, labelled them as containing poison for the royal family of France, and put them where he knew they would be discovered. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the discovery of the jest occasioned universal mirth."—[N. H. Patriot.]

Why shouldn't a farmer know a thing or two?

Why should not a farmer know more than other folks? They certainly ought to, for they have in this country more to do than others. They have to make more use of the powers or laws of Nature than other folks;—they have to use the elements for tools—they are indeed practical chemists (whether they are aware of it or not) for they have to make use of the various substances which nature gives them—they have to combine, separate, modify and change both simples and compounds.— Their farm is at one and the same time laboratory and a workshop, and in proportion as they operate in such a way as to afford the several elements of which the substances are composed, and upon which they are operating, to disunite or to combine, will be their success.. They depend upon the vegetable world for subsistence—their labour is among and upon the plants of the earth—why should not they know the proper name and nature of every tree and herb and plant? They have to contend with insects and animals—why should they not know the habits and natures as well or better than any other class of people? They have to work upon the earth, they have to put it into a condition to bear a good crop, they have to change the state of it and adapt it to the various purposes and crops, and why should they not know more and better respecting the ingredients of their soils—the various mineral or fossil substances which they may find either upon their own or others' farms? They have to "discern the face of the sky," and watch the changes of the atmosphere, and regulate their movements in accordance to the changes of the weather, atmosphere, &c. Why should they not know as much or more of the composition of the air or atmosphere, and the science of meteorology than any other people? They must use tools or implements of labor. They must take the advantage of the principles of mechanics and the application of mathematics to practical life. Is there any good reason why they should not know as much or more than others, respecting the science of Mechanics or Natural Philosophy? In this country they have to contribute largely to the support and formation of the government, and upon them depends the election of rulers and lawmakers—why should not they understand the fundamental principles of National law—political science and political economy? They have to administer to the sickness of animals under their charge—heal wounded and restore health,—why should they not understand comparative anatomy, at least, and also Physiology, and the symptoms and treatment of all diseases, as well as any others? Indeed so wide is the field of his labors, so numerous the objects with which he is connected, so various the operations which he has to perform, that we verily think the farmer ought to be the most learned man upon earth. But can one man conquer or make himself familiar with every science and every thing? By no means—yet nevertheless he should have his mind well stored with the general principles of all the sciences, that he can be guided by them when it becomes necessary to be more particular, and to know when he employs a man devoted particularly to any one branch, whether he is competent to the task, and will discharge his duty to him with fidelity and precision.

Winthrop Farmer.

A Dog Story. A gentleman who knows that we are friendly to good dogs, and do not like to see even a cur abused, stopped to tell us a story about one of these half reasoning animals, which we in our friendliness, give to our readers. Last week a large Newfoundland dog, kept in a tan yard in the Northern Liberties, had persuaded a small dog to play with him, and while they were amusing themselves, the smaller animal was accidentally rolled into an open tan pit, in which the water was quite deep, though it did not reach within eight inches of the edge of the vat. The little fellow floundered about terribly, but could not get out.— Some of the workmen saw the whole occurrence, and felt disposed to watch at a distance the movements of the Newfoundland dog. He ran round the pit in great concern, then hastened to the building where the men had been, but they were not to be found. He then ran back and took another mournful look at his little playmate, and then tried again for help.— None was to be had, and matters were becoming more desperate in the vat. The Newfoundland dog then selected a place at the edge of the vat, where some of the tan had been removed, and where the edge was not more than twenty inches above the water.— He then stretched himself out, and thrust his fore feet down to the water, edging himself along with care, so as not to loose his balance and fall in himself. This was a matter of nice calculation, as the weight of the puppy was to be added to that of his head and shoulders.— At length he appeared to have adjusted the weight to his mind. He then reached out and took the little dog with a strong grip in his fore paws, and being unable, of course, to rise up with that weight hanging over the edge of the pit, he drew himself back with great effort, and after considerable exertion, succeeded in landing the half drowned dog in safety; and great and sincere was the joy manifested by both animals at the fortunate deliverance.—*United States Gazette.*

Small Bills. We perceive some of our Federal contemporaries do not relish the law enacted by our last Legislature, prohibiting the circulation of small bills. This is an auspicious omen. The worshippers of the moneyed idol fear an encroachment on the rightful domains of their sovereign lord and master. They would be better pleased with the entire suppression of the State Banks, and receive a rag-currency from the manufactory of a splendid central establishment, *something like* the present Bank of the United States. "*Rags for them*—hard money a hum-bug," is their cry. Well, —the nice souls are difficult to please—and as the PEOPLE view the subject in a somewhat different light, the Federalists must be patient —aye, *patient*, and not murmur under the discipline of a just dispensation. *Resignation* is not a *Federal* virtue—but it should be cultivated nevertheless. If they *fret* under this disappointment, what will they do when the great *Rag Manufactory* itself, shall cease its operations?—*Argus.*

Afflicting Occurrence. The dwelling house of Mr. Hawkins Clark, in Roostown, in this county, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 4th inst. The fire it was supposed originated from coals being placed in the Buttery, to prevent provisions from freezing. Two little girls, one eight and the other twelve years old, were consumed by the flames. When the parents discovered the house to be on fire, the mother ran into the chamber to awake her children. She roused her two little girls, directed them as she supposed to the stairs, and hasted to another chamber; but the increased smoke and the confusion of the moment it is supposed bewildered the children—they lost their lives and perished in the flames. Their bones were found together, having probably died in each others arms.

Hudson (Ohio) Observer.

Extra Temperance. We have joined very heartily in the Temperance reform, and go the whole for entire abstinence from ardent spirits. We reject cider, too, because it makes the head ache—strong beer, because we dislike it—and wine, because it is too expensive for editors. The reformation has advanced rapidly, and spread extensively, and will, we hope, be universal and abiding. As to the crusade against snuff and tobacco, we have written sundry pithy articles against the use of either—and have administered very excellent advice, as occasion offered; but we claim no extraordinary credit for our services in this contest, as some of our friends who are learned on the subject, have intimated an opinion that the exterminating war, which we have waged against segars, operates more favorably to the manufacturer than to the reformer. But another reform is commencing; and hot meat, and cold meat, and all kinds of meat, are to be anthæmatised and sent off packing after rum and tobacco. The Essex Gazette of last Saturday, (in the absence, however, of its worty editor, who was probably enough eating roast veal or mince pie when he received his paper,) discourseth thus zealously against the enormity of eating up beasts and birds and fishes. We commend the writer of the paragraph to the special patronage of Doct. Graham, and his lecture upon *carnivorality* to the serious consideration of those whose pork barrels, like some we are wot of, are apt, about this season of the year, to grow light and hollow.

"In hot countries they loathe the sight of meat. During our own dog days, it requires a good appetite to eat it. The sooner we cease to be beast eaters the better. Let every one who wishes in earnest to promote health, economy, virtue and peace, totally abstain from meat. There is no middle course. No man deserves any credit as a *temperance* man, who sacrifices beasts, birds and fish to gratify his thirst of blood. Let the past be forgiven, we sinned without knowledge, but when all facts brought before the public, there will be no excuse for carnivorality."—*Exeter News Letter.*

Religious Denominations. From a Statistical table then before it, the Salem Gazette remarks, that the denomination of Catholics in the United States is about 500,000, or about one twenty-eighth part of our population. The Calvinistic Baptists are numbered at 2,743,453 nearly one sixth part of our population, on the supposition that the United States embrace fourteen millions within their borders. The Methodist Episcopal Church is set down at 2,600,000, more than one seventh part of our population. The Presbyterian General Assembly is estimated at 1,800,000, or one eighth of our population. The Congregational Orthodox are reckoned at 1,260,000, one twelfth part. The Protestant Episcopal is rated at 600,000, and the Universalists number 500,000, about the same as the Catholics.

We understand John Anderson, Esq. of this city, and Peter H. Green Esq. of Bath, have been appointed by the Governor and Council, to visit Quebec and consult with the authorities and inhabitants, respecting the construction and location of the contemplated rail-road, between that place and the sea board.

[*Jeffersonian.*

We again welcome to our desk the *Portland Magazine.* In addition to the good qualities heretofore named, which this book possesses, we must add that of punctuality—an acquirement of no little importance. The number before us—the April number—is well filled. Its contents are as follows. The confession, Life, Old and Young, To a departed Spirit, Moonshine, My Aged Cat Children.—What are They? The Beraved Minstrel, Hannah Moore, The Grave Yard, Swear not at All, The Princes, of Beguine, Recollections of a Housekeeper, &c.— *Jeffersonian.*

The Selectmen of Worcester, in compliance with the vote of the town, have refused licenses to tavern keepers for the retail of spirits, and in consequence the keepers of all the public houses, except Mr. Porter, of the Temperance House, have refused to accept licences for the retail of wines, &c. taken down their signs, and locked up their houses.

[Transcript.

Burden's Patent Horse Shoes. We became accidentally in possession of a horse shoe manufactured at Troy Iron and Nail Factory, by a machine lately invented by Mr. Burden, which, in addition to the rich reward the inventor cannot fail to realize, is conferring a lasting benefit on the country. These shoes will be put up in casks of an assorted size, (similar to nails) and sold at a price but little above that of horse shoe iron in bar—thus saving the laborious process of pounding them out with the hammer, as has been done from time immemorial.—*N. Y. Star.*

Old Age and Voracity. The Worcester Spy contains an obituary notice of a Miss Elizabeth Pool, who recently died, in Fitchburg, aged nearly a hundred years. Her mother lived to be upwards of ninety; and two sisters, still living, are but a few years younger than the deceased. The most remarkable circumstance relating to this individual was her astonishing voracity. It has been for years her invariable habit to eat a hearty meal during the night, in addition to an uncommon quantity of food consumed during the day. With this habit she could not dispense. Though fortified with a supper of no ordinary dimensions, she was invariably aroused from her slumbers by the pangs of hunger, which could be appeased only by an inordinate quantity of food of the most solid description. Her remaining sisters are afflicted with the same appetite.

Here is a practical contradiction to Parson Graham, and all those preachers of abstinence and starvation, who say that life is only to be prolonged, to any great age, by adhering to their system.—[N. Y. Trans.

Dinner to Mr. Kavanagh. A Public Dinner was given on Thursday last, by the citizens of Damariscotta Mills and vicinity, to Hon. Edward Kavanagh.—[Argus.

A Husband Wanted. There is said to be now living at St. Mary's, in one of the lower counties of Maryland, a lady at the age of 105 years, of whom the following account is given:—"Her mental faculties are unimpaired—she is in excellent health and spirits—rides on horseback as dexterously as a trooper—laces in her corsets—attends the toilet punctually, and what is yet more surprising, she is now as willing to be married as she was 90 years ago." There's a sweetheart for you.—[Centinel.

Scene in a School Room 'Jem,' said the master, 'you were not in school yesterday.'

'No, sir, here's a 'scuse mother sent ye;' at the same time holding out a slip of paper on which were written the following seemingly Egyptian hieroglyphics:—

'cept atom to gou a taturing.'

'Well, Jem,' said the master, after examining it for some time, 'what did you do yesterday?'

'Dug taters!'

'Oh, yes!'—*'Kept at home to go potatoeing.'* —[Worcester Pala.

Original Anecdote.—'You are an excellent packer,' said a mason to a farmer. 'Why so?' 'You have contrived to pack three bushels of rye into a two bushel bag.'—[Dem. Herald.

HINTING.

A boy who had been serving an apprenticeship for some time in a neighboring town, returned very unexpectedly to his father's house as the family were siting down to supper— 'John,' said the old gentleman, I thought you was very well suited with your place, and I wish to know the reason why you have left it so suddenly?' 'Why, father,' replied the boy, 'I liked the place pretty well, considering; but I was'nt going to stay there and have Mr—— hinting at me so every day.' 'Hinting at you?' said the father, 'what did he say to you?'— 'He said—he said—why, father, he kept hinting at me.' 'John,' said his father, looking him sternly in the face, tell me instantly what he said to you.' 'Why, he said,' replied the boy, 'that I had told lies about his family, and stolen money out of his desk, and if I did'nt get out of his house he would kick me out; and so I have concluded not to stay with him any longer."

Spring.—March, with her variations, is at our door. A cloud—a dash of rain—a blow of wind and then sunshine, all come and go in the course of the morning. The entertainment concludes with, perhaps, snow in the afternoon, and a pelting hail at night. As the month glides over, you perceive exactly where winter and spring are dovetailed together, and easily trace the irregular line between the two frames, now the tenon of winter setting into the mortice of spring, and now otherwise. The variations of the month, somewhat resemble those of life—especially the life of a batchellor —for the nights are uniformly cold and cheerless.—*Trenton Emp.*

"I curse the hour that we were married," exclaimed an enraged husband to his better half, to which she mildly replied, "Don't my dear, for that was the *only* happy one we have ever seen."

Anecdote of Waltzing.—At a ball lately in Richmond, Va., a belle asked a country rustic, who stood nigh her, in a compact ring of four or five deep, gazing on a pair waltzing, "Pray Sir, how do you like the waltz?" "Madam," (said the quaint gentleman,) "I like the *hugging part very well; but I don't like the whirling round. When it comes to the huggin, I would like to stand still!"*

MARRIED.

In Greenwood, on the 6th inst., by William Noyes, Esq. Mr Daniel Mortgan to Miss Eliza Mortgan, both of Greenwood.

In Portland, by Rev. E. Wiley, Mr. Antonio Caleb, to Miss Mary Hodgkins.

In Bangor, Moses L Appleton, Esq. to Miss Jane, daughter of Hon. T. A. Hill.

In Canton, Mr Isaac Noyes, of Minot, to Miss Hannah Gibbs, of Canton.

DIED.

In Portland, on Monday last, Mr. James Head, merchant, aged 42 years.

In Augusta, Mr. Daniel Piper.

English School.

J. W. HOBBS informs the public, that he will open a School in Norway-Village, on the 20th inst. for the instruction of Young Masters and Misses in the various branches of *English Literature.*—In addition to those branches usually taught in common schools, he will give instruction in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Rhetoric, Chymistry, &c. &c.

Terms, 25c. a week.

Norway. April 6, 1835.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons indebted to Doct. Grover of Bethel, upon Book-Account, that his Books are left with the subscriber for adjustment. Immediate payment, or some other arrangement is requested, and will prevent cost.

WILLIAM FRYE.

Bethel, March 11. 1835. 35

SCHOOL.

MISS E. HAMLIN would give notice that she will resume her SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, on Monday the 20th of April next, at MRS. HAMLIN'S

Terms—From $2,00 to $3,00 per quarter.

Paris, March 25, 1835.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.:::: Carthage.

IT is hereby Notified to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Carthage, that the same are taxed in bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Carthage for the year 1834 in the respective sums following, viz:

Names of Owners	No. of Lots.	No. Range.	Value.	Deficient Highway Tax.
Wm. Bowley, 1-2 of	2	8	$ 81	1,62
John S Barry,	10	4	120	2,40
Nath M. Smith,	10	6	50	1,00
North half unknown,	1	8	85	1,70
Unknown,	2	5	40	,80
do	2	15	70	1,40
do.	2	19	50	1,00
do.	3	11	70	1,40
do. part of	7	11	40	,80
Store and House,				,90
do	7	14	100	2,00
do.	9	5	60	1,20 2,40
do.	7	1	45	,90
School House Tax,	2	19		1.15
	2	15		1,61

The said Collector will proceed to sell according to law, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the Store of Gideon Powers. Jr. in said Carthage, at ten of the clock A. M on Monday the tenth day of September next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges: if no person shall appear on or before that day to discharge said taxes and charges.

Dated at said Carthage the 7th day of April, 1835

35 JONATHAN MORSE, Collector of Carthage.

New Establishment!

GEORGE H. KENDALL—*Portland,*

HAS taken the Store No. 26, Middle Street, next above Shaw, Ropes & Co and nearly opposite the foot of Free Street, where he offers a new and extensive assortment of Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, at *Wholesale* and *Retail.*

March 7. 1835, 2mis31

JOEL C. VIRGIN,
PRACTITIONER AT LAW,
Bethel, Maine.

Reference, { Peter C. Virgin, Rumford. / Stephen Chase, Fryeburg. / Nicholas Emery, Portland.

LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at Paris, Me. April 1, 1835.

GIDEON BOLSTER—Wm H. Berry—Seneca Brett —Calista Cummings—Messrs. J & J Cummings —Samuel Dearing—William H. Dearing—Moses Gage —R. K. Goodenow—Lazarus Hathaway—Thomas Hilborn—Austin Holmes—Mary Holt—Elijah Jordan— George King—Asaph Kittridge—Rev Henry W. Latham—James Longley—Joseph McAllister—Ephraim Maxim—James Perry, 2—Hezekiah Parsons—Francis Shephard—Clarendon Walker

JOSEPH G COLE, P. M.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

THE subscriber will act as Agent for those persons or their widows, in the Massachusetts line, who enlisted for three years or during the war, and who served three years, claiming the benefit of the Resolve of the Legislature of the State of Maine, passed March 17, 1835—which entitles them to two hundred acres of Land each—in preparing their declarations and evidence, and procuring their deeds and certificates from the Land Agent.

Paris, March 31, 1835. THOMAS CLARK.
[illegible] 33

GEORGE H. KENDALL
No. 26, Middle Street, Portland,
OPPOSITE THE FOOT OF FREE STREET,

IS now opening 40 packages of *English, French,* and *American* DRY GOODS; among which are Broadcloths, Cassimeres, *Sattinetts,* Vestings, Linens, Bishop and Long Lawns, Book and Swiss Muslins, Sercenetts, corded, figured and check'd Cambrics, plain white do. Dimoties, 4, 5 and 6-4 Nett Laces, Insertions, Edgings, Quillings, Bombazines, Italian Cravats, Silk fancy do. Choppas, Bandannas, Spitalfield and Pongee Hdkfs, Ladies fancy do. Damask Napkins, 6, 7, 8-4 Damask Cloths, 5, 6, 7, 8-4 Plaid Cloths, 6, 7, 8-4 figured do double Damasks, Russia Diapers, Crash, Flannels, Cambrics, Spool Cottons, Bonnet Cambrics, colr'd do. Italian Sewings, Cotton Fringes, Merino and Thibet Shawls, Silk and Sewing Silk do, Tickings, Drillings, Gingham, Checks, bleached and brown Sheetings and Shirtings, rich London twill'd, Merino twill'd light London, Velvet (a new style,) Shally and American Prints, Indigo Blue, and Mourning do. white, black & colored Cotton and Linen Thread, Buttons, Pins, Tapes, Braids, Padding, Canvass, Dowlas, Silesias, brown and black Linen, Moreans.

SILKS.
Gro de Swiss, Poux de Soix, twill'd Satin Levantines, black, blue black and colored

GRO DE NAPS.
Synchaws, Sarsnetts, colored Florences, White Satins, and a great variety of figured Silks.

RIBBONDS.
Satin, Lustrings, Gauze, Cap and Bonnet Ribbonds, of a rich and new styly.

HOSIERY.
Gentlemen's Ribb'd & plain black worsted half hose, Ladies' blk. & col'd worsted hose, White Cott. do. Brown cotton Clock'd do. Silk do. Embroidered Cotton do.

GLOVES.
Ladies' White Silk and Kid Gloves, Blk & Col'd Silk Hoskin and Kid do. Picnic do. a new article, &c. &c.

All of which will be sold cheap for cash or approved credit.

March 9. 1835. 2mis31

Sale at Auction.

TO be sold at Public Auction, at the house of HANNIBAL SMITH, in Paris, on Saturday the 18th day of April inst., at nine o'clock A. M.

1 *Horse,* 1 *yoke of two year old steers,*
1 *yoke of oxen,* 2 *yearling heifers,*
3 *cows,* 25 *sheep,* 4 *swine,*
1 *ton of good hay,*
10 *bushels of good seed wheat,*
150 *do. potatoes,* 1 *saddle & bridle,* 1 *rifle,*
Also farming tools, such as ploughs, harrow, cart, chains, sleds, shovels, hoes, rakes, pitchforks, axes, &c. Also, various articles of household stuff.

To be sold to the highest bidder on one year's credit, with undoubted security, if not previously disposed of at private sale.

NOTICE
To Rheumatic Invalids

PERSONS suffering under Rheumatic Affection, are respectfully assured, that they can obtain of the proprietor and his agents, a safe and admirable remedy for Rheumatism, however obstinate the disorder may be, and in all its different stages.

☞ DR. JEBB'S
Rheumatic Liniment

will afford immediate relief to the patient, and has sometimes been attended with such extraordinary success as to cure the most distressing Rheumatism in 24 hours—even when of years standing.

This highly valuable Liniment is recommended with a confidence founded on the experience of many years, not only as a cure for that excruciating disease, but as an excellent application for Stiffness of the Joints, Numbness, Sprains, Chilblains, &c.

This article is considered so superior to every thing else, and to possess such uncommon virtues, that it is ordered from distant parts of the country.

An Agent recently writes—"Please send me a further supply of Jebb's Liniment. I shall probably sell a considerable quantity, as it is recommended by some of our Physicians very highly."

Price 50 cents a bottle.

The Painful and Debilitating Complaint of
The Piles

receives immediate relief—and in numerous instances has been thoroughly cured by the administration of

DUMFRIES' REMEDY FOR THE PILES.

THIS approved compound also mitigates and removes the symptoms which frequently accompany that disorder, and increase the danger of the patient,—viz: Pain in the Loins—Headache—Loss of appetite—Indigestion—and other marks of debility.

A relieved Patient writes from a distance— "It is but justice to you to inform you, that I have used your "Dumfries' Remedy for the Piles" for some time past, and have found them eminently successful."

The Remedy is quite innocent, and may be administered to all ages and both sexes. Plain and ample directions, with a description of the complaint, accompany each package, which consists of two boxes, one containing an Ointment, and the other an Electuary. Price $1 for both articles, or 50 cents where but one is wanted.

***None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston—and also, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. 5 [No. 3.] e6pcy

JOB WORK,
Executed with neatness and despatch at this
OFFICE

[Concluded from First Page.

Still, "I know not," was the answer. "She was seen but for a moment. Yet, her beauty has haunted me to this hour. Many a long day it made me restless and wretched. I sought her, but in vain. It may have been among the causes which made me the being I am, the slave of impulses, full of the fever of the mind, always rash, always repentant; a wanderer, a visionary, a madman." He covered his forehead with his hands, and struggled evidently with strong emotion. "But," added he, "I now speak of those things for the last time. On my march to Constantinople at the head of my cavalry, as we encamped on the plain bordering the Bosphorus, our position was accidentally crossed by a train from the seraglio. My troopers were wild fellows, and, unacquainted with the forms of state, they broke loose and galloped up to the procession. This produced a cry of horror from the attendants, and the startled camels ran away with their burdens. One of the little tents was overthrown at my feet, and from it I raised the loveliest being that the eye of man ever gazed on. She was fainting, and for the moment I looked unrestrained on beauty worthy of Paradise. But the attendants soon came up; nothing but the threat of my horsemen prevented my instantly falling by the bands of janizaries; the tent was replaced upon the camel, and a vision departed from my eyes that to this hour has shut out every other from my heart."

Mustapha, as he uttered those words, rushed from his tent, sprang upon his steed, and galloped for leagues into the depths of the desert, to recover his tranquility. On his return, he found the tribe preparing to march to the attack of the caravan from Tripoli. He marched with it, distinguished himself at the head of a chosen troop in a sight assault, in which he took the Pasha prisoner, and returned with the greatest prize of Syrian corn that had ever graced the annals of plunder.

All the tribe lauded him to the skies; the warriors were in raptures; and every woman was instantly busied at the corn mill. Mustapha went out to view them in their occupation; but his eye was instantly struck by the coarseness of the national contrivance. He found five hundred women doing with an old hand-mill, less work than with a little ingenuity might be done with a hundredth part of the labour and the time.

"With wind, canvass, and wood, any thing," said he, "may be done."

His invention was instantly active, and in a few days he gave a model for the construction of a mill, which worked wonders. The women were delighted to get rid of the trouble; the sheik was delighted to eat bread that was not half stone; and all were delighted at the genius which had raised in the midst of their tribe, a machine requiring nothing but a blast of wind, to make it go on grinding till doomsday. The women, determined to escape the drudgery for the future, instantly broke every hand mill they could find; and Mustapha was at the height of popularity.

The new machine became famous before the week was at an end. But fame excites envy, and envy is the worst of peace-makers. The Beni Abubecker, one of the most powerful tribes of the Hauran, had heard of this extraordinary invention, and resolved either to seize it, or destroy a work which promised to turn the mill wheel into the philosopher's stone. They moved in a great force against the Beni Kohlani. A battle followed desperately contested, in which Mustapha again distinguished himself. But the rumor now reached as far as the coasts of the Red Sea; tribe on tribe were mustering to seize this mighty structure, which was said to be the work of magic,—a secret sprung directly from the lips of the golden image of Solomon. A council of war was held in which it was resolved to fly that night from this overwhelming superiority. But, what was to done with the great structure that towered above all their tents? To carry it away was impossible in the rapid march of the tribe; to leave it was disgrace. It was therefore to be burned. The tribe was marched at twilight, and its flames lighted them many a league over the plain. They at length halted, and the provisions were to be prepared. But the confusion was now universal. Even the old hand mills would have been better than none. The tribe rushed round Mustapha's tent, assailing him by every name of guilt, for having bewitched them, first into war with all their neighbors, and next into eating corn unground: an insult worthy of the magician's blood. The Bey was thunder struck. He almost tore his beard in vexation.

"Yet," he exclaimed, "it is not these savages that I blame, so much as the fool who could not leave them to their own wits. By Allah, I deserve to die by the needles of the women, for the absurdity of thinking that the present generation could not manage to live eating grit in their meal as well as their forefathers did."

But his wisdom was now too late. A guard who had supped on unground corn were placed upon the tent, and he was ordered for public execution at day break.

An hour after midnight, he was awakened by the sound of a knife cutting through the back of the tent. The young Scribe had thus made his way to him.

"Have you," said he, "at last resolved to leave the world to be wise in its own good time?"

Mustapha lifted his hands and eyes to heaven.

"Have you," continued the interrogator, "resolved to try what is good in the old, before you hurry on to the new? One question more—have you resolved to give up the honors of a sheik's son-in-law, and never to wed till you see once again the vision of the Bosphorus?"

Mustapha sprang from his seat at the words. Three horses were piquetted in the rear of the tent. On one of them was already mounted the captive pasha of Sidon, who acted as their guide; and the fugitives were soon far from the camp of the Beni Kohlani. At the dawn they were galloping along the shore; a ship was off the coast; they hailed it and found themselves in the Venetian vessel which had brought the pilgrims. To Mustapha's inquiry as to his converts, the answer was, "that they had never quarrelled, from the day he had ceased the attempt to reconcile them."

The vessel dropped anchor in the Gulf of Marci, and Mustapha viewed the shore of Asia with immeasurable longing. The young Scribe divined his emotions, and said, "My lord, you must return to your country, and take the station your birth, feelings, and talents mark for your own."

"No! my inheritance is now in the hand of another," said Mustapha, bitterly; "the sword of my fathers is rusted in the sheath of their son. We must find some lonely hill or unknown hermitage, and die together."

"Never!" exclaimed the Scribe. "The *daughter of the Sultan* was not made to be his follower whom she could not honor as her husband."

As the words were uttered, the slight hand was raised to the forehead, and the deep turban which had so long shaded the countenance was thrown back. Mustapha started with a cry of astonishment. The vision of the Bosphorus stood before him—Sherene, the daughter of the king of kings of the east. With many a blush and many a sigh the lovely being told the tale of her overcharged heart. She had never forgotten the noble aspect of the chieftain whom she had seen on the plain of Scutari. The agony of knowing that his generous spirit was exposed to the jealousies of a Turkish cabinet, still more than to the hazards of war, drove her to the wild expedient of following him to his dungeon. She had, from that hour, been his guardian angel. His lesson of life was now fully given; his impetuosity was transmuted into forethought, and his precipitate zeal to change all the world for the better, into the inquiry how to make the best of it as it is.

On this evening his eye fell accidentally on the emerald signet, which, in memory of his father, he had retained in all vicissitudes. To his utter astonishment, the cloudy surface was briliantly clear, and the characters shone like flashes of lightning. He read on the signet the words,

"For all things there is a time.
Indolence is behind the time.
Rashness is before the time
Wisdom waits the time."

Sherene was at his side while he read the mystery. As he looked up in her fine countenance illumined by the sudden splendor of the talisman, he thought he had never seen such loveliness before. The cheek suffused with rose, and the magnificent eye looked to him like the evening star shining in the sunset.

"The vision of the Bosphorus is forgotten," he exclaimed, gazing on her with the rapt glance of a worshipper.

The princess gave an involuntary start, and her lip grew pale.

"Forgotten," exclaimed the lover, "but it is in the presence of an houri!"

A tear of delight glittered in her eye, the cheek was burning crimson agai , she fell on his neck, and in that sacred embrace they pledged those vows which are not to be dissolved by the power of man.

The Bey had found the true motive for action. He flew to his province: his vassals received him with universal acclamation. All opposition perished before their triumph at seeing the heroic son of their old prince among them again. But their wonder was his bride, the princess Sherene Halibi. They honored her unequalled loveliness; but they worshipped her benevolence, the loftiness of her genius, and the purity of her virtue. In the midst of the bridal, the Tartar of the court galloped up to the palace. He bore on his head the firmaun of the Sublime Porte, giving the paternal benediction, and appointing the Bey to the Pachalic of the great province of Karamanin.

HUMOROUS EXTRACT.

I travelled by stage, las: fall, from Dayson to Cincinnati. I had but one companion—an eastern gentleman, and much of our conversation was upon the history, resources, people and peculiarities, of the West. At Hamilton, a third person joined us. This was a Kentucky Drover, who was returning from a 'jaunt over into Illinois and Indiana.' He was rude—but as frank and whole souled a fellow as you will meet once in a great while.

While rolling rapidly over the rich bottom land immediately this side of Hamilton my eastern companion and myself recommenced our conversation on western subjects. Our new friend did not listen to us long in silence. Perceiving that I knew something about matters and things in the backwoods, he addressed himself to me.

"May be you've been over in Hoosherland, in your day, stranger?"

'Yes—once.'

'Well—aint they cautious out thar any how?'

The eastern gentleman smiled. He had before him a visible illustration of one topic of our previous conversation.

I slid into the Drover's mood, as easily as he had slipped into our conversation.

'Rough exteriors, but generous hearts.'

'You may well say that, stranger. Naturally I aint rawboned; but you see I h'aint got much flesh on my bones to brag of now; and my skin 's like the backside of a baconham, and my hair as crisped and frizzled as a nigger's——

'Or as the side locks of some of our ladies that you may have noticed, when you passed through the city last spring.'

'Exactly—ha! ha! ha! Your ladies'——

'But we must'nt forget our neighbors of Hoosherland.'

'No. Well—may be you'd like to hear how I became as lean as a Jarsey pig. You see, I was down in Wabash country; and the Fever and Ague cotch'd me there; and between the two, they shuck and burt all the flesh off my body, and tried to make leather of my skin and nigger's wool of my hair. They kept me down four weeks cool, but they found my joints too well put together to be shuck to pieces by a trifle. So I got on my feet again, and am going back to Kentuck scamper. Four weeks we had it rough and tumble, and we was putty well matched, I tell you: for one day I would be master, and the next the rascals would have me down again; but they could'nt hold me still enough for I kept rolling, and grinning, and shaking all the time. But two on one was'nt fair play; I could'nt stand it; and, stranger, may by I did'nt get putty d——d sick of the scrape before we got through. I'd sooner take hold of two chaps from among the knobs, any time. And they're the very devil, every body knows.

Well we had our bout—that is, I and the rascally Fever and Ager—at a worthy old Hoosher farmer's in the Wabash country.

I was kept there five weeks; and when I asked for my bill, if you'll take my word for it the kind old codger would'nt take a shilling.—I had'nt been much trouble—was welcome to what I'd had—might make the young'uns a present, if I chose—never charged a stranger nuthen for a night or two's lodging—could'nt think of turning his house into a tavern.' So the old man stepped out, and I began to look about for the urchins that were not big enough to be at work. There were three fine white haired boys—Shem—Ham and Japhet—and a pale delicate little girl—Ruth; I gave Ruth my breastpin, and Japhet my penknife, and Ham who was a school boy, my ever point pencil, and Shem, the eldest, my watch; and such a bobbing of heads, and scraping of feet, and glistening of eyes, as there was among that little flock, I never see; when I stooped down to kiss little Ruthy, my heart I tell you, fluttered about every which way, and felt entirely too big for its cage—what's o'clock, stranger, seeing I've no time teller now?'

'Almost four.'

'We shall get in late. Whoop, driver—hallo! Reckon your team's taking a nap!'

'Guess your toungue is'nt much troubled in that way,' muttered the driver. 'Twas well the Kentukian did not hear him.

And so we rolled along the city much pleased with the company of the jolly hearted Kentuckian.

The Late Judge Doody, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as for his other talents. At one place where he attended court, he was not well pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of the court, a hog, under the name of a pig, had been cooked whole, and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day and the next and treated with the same respect; and it was on the day on which the court adjourned. As the party finished their dinner, Judge Doody rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the clerk. "Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss that hog upon his recognizance, until the first day of the next court. He has atteded so faithfully during the present term I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

At another tavern at which the Judge boarded, there was much complaint among the lawyears and their boarders, that the victuals were not prepared in a cleanly manner. Judge Doody took the landlord aside, and said he had something to communicate to him, that might be of advantage to his house. "It relates," said he, "to your table. If you would have the dirt on one plate and the victuals on another, and let your guests mix it to suit themselves, according to their different tastes, it would be a decided improvement in the entertainment." [Augusta Chronicle.]

THE IRISH.

There is no class of our population so much abused as the Irish. If there be a row, a riot, a *mobocrat* assemblage, a violent resistance of the laws, no one asks who were the offenders, because no one supposes that any body or bodies of men, single or congregate, can do any mischief but *Irishmen*. The argument is excellent good, judicious, and discriminating.—No prejudice is involved, political nor religious, partizan nor sectarian. An Irishman is an Irishman, and you cannot make more nor less of him. But we Yankees are immaculate.—We never do any wrong, and we never did. We never hung a witch or burnt a convent. We are exclusively liberal, exclusively benevolent, exclusively industrious, exclusively temperate, exclusively honest, exclusively patriotic, exclusively righteous, and exclusively the most self-sufficient people on the earth. We have a charming opinion of *ourselves*, and that is reason enough why we should be thought most highly of by others. But enough of sarcasm. Let us revert to our subject.

The Irish portion of our population (small as it is in Boston, and uninfluential as it is in N. England, where, beyond all question, the people are the most homogeneous and least adulterated by admixture of foreigners, of any in the Union,) has been muc abused. They are not the idle, sloth-loving, improvident, and intemperate people, they are reported and too generally believed to be. They are, as a class industrious and hard-working. Let the unprejudiced look to our public improvements, the rapidly expanding confines of our city, our new wharves, our bridges and rail-roads.—Who built them? Yankee enterprize furnished the capital, but who supplied the labor, the indispensable muscular strength? Who dug down the hills and filled up the vallies? Who deepened the docks and extended the wharves? Who have done for us what we could not do for ourselves? Who laid the foundation of Central wharf? Irishmen. Commercial street? Irishmen. Commercial wharf? Irishmen. The Providence Railroad? Irishmen. The Worcester Railroad? Irishmen. The Lowell Railroad? Irishmen. Shall we ask any further questions? Answer yes, and we will extend them miles, and not an inch of the road shall be travelled over without encountering an Irishman.

How little, too, do they know of the Irish, who call them improvident. We speak of them as a class. One fact is worth a thousand theories. The amount deposited in the Savings Bank is nearly two millions of dollars. One would suppose that the largest portion of this capital belonged to the industrious penny saving Yankee. Not so. The "*improvident*" Irish own *five eighths* of it. We are not blind to the *faults* of the Irish—nor do we intend to laud them beyond their merits—nor at the expense of our own countrymen; but there is an unkind and unjustifiable prejudice against them, entertained by very many citizens, of which we are ashamed, and ask pardon if we have committed an offence in saying a good word for the children of the *Emerald Island*.—[Boston Transcript.

The end of Great Men. Happening to cast my eye upon a printed page of miniature portraits, the personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar and Buonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensation arise in my bosom as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander after having climbed the dizzy height of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations looked down upon a conquered world, and wept, that there was not any other for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of wretched debauchery.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment of Rome passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the ministers of this mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of the slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once united his name to that of their god, and called him Hannibal—and died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assasinated by those he considered his nearest friends and in that every place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Buonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, after having deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sack-cloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world calls *Great*—those four who, each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centure, by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile. "*How are the mighty fallen!*"

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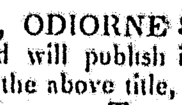
Boston, March 3, 1835. 33

Morgan Ratler,

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